

YOSEMITE'S CLIMATE

Although Yosemite was discovered by a member of the medical profession, there are few medical men that know the varied charms of this incomparable valley. It will be of keen interest to those professional men in whose hands lies the health of the State and who will visit Yosemite next May at the annual convention of the Medical Society of the State of California, to find Yosemite's climate, at an altitude of approximately 4000 feet, as distinctive of California as the climate of the coast. Abundant statistics about it may be given, but the best idea of it will be conveyed by an incident of the present season, wherein the human element is more evident than in plain figures.

Two representative residents of Cleveland, Ohio, came to California eager to see the Yosemite, which they had seen pictured in their school histories and geographies, but they were fearful that the trip meant a return to Ohio, insofar as weather was concerned. And they had come to California to bask in the sunshine. Nevertheless, the lure of El Capitan and Half Dome was too strong to be resisted; so they bought their tickets and started to the park, intending to poke their noses inside the "Gates of Yosemite," take one chilly look around and then scoot back to warmer climes.

The beautiful ride from El Portal to Yosemite Valley thrilled them as it thrills everybody—and they were not cold. After luncheon they went outdoors and discovered other guests preparing to ride horseback or to go sightseeing or to walk, while some sat on the veranda in the sun, knitting or reading or just resting. And still they were not cold. It seemed curious, but they forebore to ask questions and began to consider extending their stay.

Next day the sun was as warm as ever, there were other interesting things to do, they were completely comfortable. When finally they departed, the two Clevelanders had spent fifteen days in the valley and left an unsolicited testimonial telling of their pleasure in the visit. As the patent medicine advertisements say, "Original can be seen on request." But perhaps that isn't a recommendation in the eyes of professional men! Anyway—

"We never knew a mountain winter like this," the visitors confessed to someone, and therein lies the best description of "Yosemite, A Winter Resort," that could be penned by anybody. It is different. It is in California.

Is there snow? Yes, plenty of it—sometimes more. The ground was covered with three feet of fluffy, dry powder when the Clevelanders were in the valley. There was more than three feet late in January when the thermometer in the sunshine on the Sentinel Hotel veranda registered 85 degrees. It isn't a trick thermometer either. Government records show an average maximum temperature for the winter months of 54 degrees, and that is not in the sunshine. Night temperatures fall much lower, just as anywhere else in the West; but in the daylight hours, the time when everybody is out exercising and laying up strength and quieting jangled nerves, the temperatures are balmy and delightful, even for the aged and infirm.

The reason for this unusual climate is not strange or remarkable. If it were not for the fact that the unthinking public associates mountains with cold weather in winter, regardless of whether the mountains are in Switzerland or California, there would not be so much misunderstanding to overcome in attempting to introduce Yosemite at this season.

Speaking literally, not figuratively, Yosemite Valley is a hole in the ground. It is one of the most unique holes the world has ever known, with walls of stupendous height, in some places higher than the valley is broad. Wind virtually is unknown in the valley. The sun beats down all day long, until this hole in the ground becomes a veritable natural sun parlor. And here is something that usually

makes everybody laugh, but scientific men say it is true, just the same. The sun is warmer, so to speak, in Yosemite than it is elsewhere, because the glacier-polished granite of the cliffs reflects the rays into the valley until the temperature is far higher than it would be without them.

Finally, the air of Yosemite is pure and dry and rare. There is none of that chilly dampness which takes the joy out of life.

A writer described a visit to Yosemite during the cold wave which made the coast shiver and long for furnace heat. He made the statement that a temperature in Yosemite 20 degrees below that in the San Joaquin Valley offered no discomfort, while the people in the "warmer" sections of the State were talking about nothing but the cold weather. His experience and statement were duplicated many times. At a snow carnival early in February, spectators stood on the crusty top of a yard of packed snow watching the races, and complained that they were too warm wearing the topcoats to which they were accustomed in the cities.

To say more about the climate would be mere repetition with only a change of details. It should be added here, however, that any winter climate demands good food and a good place to sleep after the exertions of the day. Visitors have no cause to complain on either score.

Yosemite is open and accessible by way of Merced and El Portal every day in the year.

CAMP CURRY'S ATTRACTIONS

Spring—and in Yosemite! Do you remember how the crimson maple buds began to unfold, back East in the spring, after the snow was gone? And when the first violets emerged from the green of their leaves, and the moist brown pine needle carpet of the woods? Do you know the "feel" of the air, when the sun has driven winter away and life begins to creep upward with the green sap? Take a week and learn what it can mean, or summon it back from the limbo of your memory. Breathe air that has the tang of mountain nights and days.

The Yosemite Valley was still a good deal of a wilderness when Camp Curry's site was chosen, over twenty years ago. Yosemite Village, to be sure, was very much the same collection of frame structures that it is now, many of them dating back to the seventies or eighties. But with all the valley to choose from, this spot in the heart of Yosemite, set about with pines and firs and cedars of noble growth, between the river in one of its green and tranquil moods and the sheer granite wall of Glacier Point, took the eyes and hearts of the beholders.

Have you ever lived the free and easy out-of-door life that Camp Curry offers you? A life that puts ostentation into the discard and becomes simple and healthful and care-free? Yet there is comfort everywhere—in the bungalows, fitting harmoniously into the forest background; in the tents set in clusters among the trees, hedged about by dogwood and azalea and wild lilac in never-ending succession of flowering loveliness; in the central buildings, with their boulder-set fireplaces.

The bungalows afford living quarters unexcelled on the floor of the valley. There are wide porches from which to watch the shifting beauties of sun and shadow among the trees and along the cliffs, rooms whose walls are half windows, comfortable beds, and the most modern of sanitary appointments. The bungalows and some of the tents are equipped with electric heaters, and there is electric lighting throughout the camp.

Camp Curry's tents offer the accommodations of the usual hotel room without bath attached. Twin or double beds, a board floor with grass rug, washstand and dresser of adequate size, are the princi-